

The Path of Most Resistance

Fuck the Facts

The high road leads nowhere
'till slowly you fall.
This tirade
never ending, never ending.
Despair came faster than ever.
Grew worse in the spring;
Gave nothing we expected.
Gave nothing at all.
Broke down, December.
The last hopes, long gone.
Heeding to a midnight call.
Gave nothing to surrender, gave nothing at all.
Burns higher,
Burn homes until leveled,
are all smoked out.
Cry for what you hoped for.
Die for better times, never to come.